

Playing House

by YappiChick

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Summary: They might know how to shoot, kill enemies, and save the universe, but that didn't mean they knew how to cook. Crack!fic, post Halo 3, AU

Playing House

****Author's Notes**:** ****This is a 100% unadulterated crack!fic.** Originally, I wrote this as a Yuletide treat back in 2010. I pulled it before the reveal, wanting to revamp it. (The typos were terrible.) Finally, I thought it was time to go through it and polish it a bit. Takes place in some AU after the events in Halo 3.**

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><p>"No! I told you to use the teaspoon, not the tablespoon!" Cortana corrected. The annoyance in her voice was palatable.<p>

"Forgive me for my error," the Arbiter replied sarcastically. He dropped the larger spoon and picked up the smaller one with a scowl. "I am still adjusting to the antiquated way humans prepare food."

"_Antiquated_?" Cortana repeatedly disbelievingly, putting her hand on her hip. "Do you really want to go there? Because I can tell you that compared to humans, the way Sangheilis cook is downright primitive. And I won't even get started on how food from your planet tastes."

The Arbiter snarled. "An amusing observation from a construct who _cannot partake in food_."

"You think I can't-"

"Am I interrupting?" John asked, entering into the kitchen. He looked at the Arbiter, who was glowering at Cortana. She, in turn, was glaring at the mixing bowl and its spilled contents with a

frown.

"Chief!" Cortana said, relieved. "I thought it might be nice to bake some cookies for tonight's get together. Since you were busy at the debriefing with Lord Hood, I thought I'd ask the Arbiter for some help."

"Your construct is not being entirely truthful," replied the Arbiter, still frowning at the AI. "She said she would not release the docking codes to the _Shadow of Intent_until I assisted with thisâ€¦food preparation."

Cortana shrugged nonchalantly. "So he needed to be persuaded a bit. You know how I am when I want something." She paused for a second before smiling sweetly at him.

She was up to something, John knew. Something culinary.

He started eying his escape.

"I'm going to need your help too, Chief."

John shook his head, taking a step away from Cortana and her baking plans. He might know how to shoot, kill enemies, and save the universe, but that didn't mean he knew how to cook. MREs were his favorite food for a reason.

"Spartans aren't really known for their cooking," he finally said.

Cortana rolled her eyes at his excuse. "Don't worry, John, I'll be here every step of the way. I've never let you down before, have I?" There was that smile again.

"No," he reluctantly answered as he eyed the bowl in front of him suspiciously.

She raised an eyebrow. "Just imagine that each ingredient that you toss into the mixing bowl is a grenade and we'll be fine."

John looked at the Arbiter who shrugged, as if to say _that is your construct, not mine_.

"All right," he finally agreed, knowing he would never be able to convince Cortana to let him leave. "What do you want me to do?"

Cortana smiled widely. "I'd thought you'd never ask."

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Two hours later, Johnson walked into the large kitchen and saw the Master Chief and Arbiter, along with every flat surface in the room, covered in flour. He plucked the cigar from between his lips and looked at the two warriors in disbelief. "Do I even want to know what happened in here?" he asked.

"No," said Cortana. Johnson noticed that she looked perfectly unfazed by the disaster that surrounded her. "But you'll be happy to know

that the cookies came out fine."

"Well, that's all that matters," Johnson said as he put his cigar back in his mouth. "Though, the two of you might want to think about getting some aprons the next time Cortana ropes you into cooking."

"There will _not _be a next time," vowed the Arbiter.

John nodded his agreement.

"That's what they think," Cortana replied, giving the sergeant a wink. "But I've already assured Lord Hood we'd have a chocolate cake for his birthday party next week."

Johnson laughed. "That gives them a few days to plan their escape."

The Arbiter looked at Cortana who was giving him _a just try to leave the Sol system_ look and sighed. "Were it so easy."

End
file.